

LETTER FROM THE LADY CRESWELL

To

Madam C. the Midwife,

The Publishing her late *VINDICATION, &c.*

Also

A Whip for Impudence:

P. R.

A *Lasbing Repartee to the Snarling Midwives*

MATCHLESS ROGUE

BEING AN

ANSWER to that *R. AYLING LIBEL*

I Was strangely surpriz'd the other Morning, when being awakened out of my first Morning-sleep, for you know our *Careers* we *do* in the *Night watches*; I heard one of the *ragged Regiment*, or a Bookeller in *Magdalen*, bawling out, *Madam Cresswell's Vindication, &c.* I then immediately concluded to have it, cost what it would; ay, and read it too: though I have but two usual Books for my *Library* which have layen in the *Dining-room window* these 30 years amounting by me or by any of my Children; yet I was now resolv'd to make an Addition to *our*.

And now having read it over in a full Assembly of my Children, (for I have some that are Plaguy Jades at State Politicks, and Sham Plots; but to say truth, 'tis only to get an honourable and a handfom Livelyhood, or supply the Defects of a weak Husband, or so :) I must needs tell you, I did admire which way 'twas possible you should arrive to that prodigious knowledge in the Intrigues of Plots and Treasons, and such like Matters: Surely I have known you many years, and I never thought you such a parlous Woman; well, the World is well amended with you. But how, in the Name of Aretine, came you to light upon such a Don Quixot as Dangerfield, to carry on the honourable Designs which you were engaged in? Surely had you consulted the Westminster Angury, you would have been better informed; but in that case it seems you did not, and so you brought your self into a very dangerous Condition. Yet now I think on't, 'tis well you did meet with such a person, for had he not been an abominable over-grown Rogue, for all your Vindication, I am afraid the Justice of the Law would have sent you after those Innocent Babes, that were Sledg'd up Holborn-Hill not long since, for the Testimony of your Holy Church. And thanks to the Clerk that drew up the Pardon, for omitting the most material Facts he had been guilty of; or truly Daughter, you could not have escaped as I think: For when I consider how first you engaged in the Concern, and the Reasons that perswaded you thereto, and what Advances you made therein; I declare to you, I cannot see over-much Innocence in you, but a confounded deal of Impudence. Pray Forsooth good Madam, where was your Modesty in Answering the Lord Chancellor, as if he had been your Companion? And if Susan would have spoke all, where was your Modesty, or at least what might you do, when your Husband was at Church in a Chamber with a man alone? Why, truly we must give you our Judgment, that Deep Mysteries of State must be secret, and private Refreshments must be kept for the Eye of the World. You know I am a Woman of Experience, and can guess firewdly in such Affairs. But pray Daughter tell me, what perswaded you to leave your honourable Calling off, for these Political Concerns; surely you have a desire after Glory; and to be esteem'd one of the Eldest Daughters of the whore of Babylon. Alas! what was S. Coleman or S. Ireland, &c. to you, Madam, meer Children in Politicks; you have not only been as deep in the Mire as ever they were, but you have vanquish'd all that rise up against you. No doubt but ere now, our Sisters of the Seraglio of Rome have heard of your Fame, and are singing there in Paeans, for Joy that they have got to valiant a she-Champion on the side of the Great Harlot. Well, Daughter go on and prosper, for I account if the Romish Cause takes, we shall have a more fixed and establish'd Trade than ever we had; though the truth is, I cannot complain of late years, since Justices of Peace instead of punishing Offenders in our way, are Sinners themselves in the same. However, we are liable to the Law, and so we shall not, when we have License and Tolleration to follow our Profession with quietness, and without any disturbance. But then again I consider, as to the Point of your Religion, 'tis the best in the World for us, for we can whore and whore again, and Confess and fast, and obtain Pardon, and be pardoned to all intents and purposes, and go out of the World after a whole life of sinning, as innocent as Children unborn. So that I say, 'tis much to our comfort that you are driving on such a Design, though for my part 'tis all one to me what Religion goes up, I am old, and hope to live and die honestly in my Calling. One thing Daughter I am resolv'd on, never to concern my self with State Matters, as you have done, and am afraid was much out of your way: You have an honest Calling, and though I say it, a very ancient one, and was of great esteem in all Ages of the World; I admire who bewitch'd you to this Trade of sham-plottings? It could not be my Lord of S— nor his Servants, for he is too wise, and his Servants too wary sure, to concern themselves in such Affairs; we have had Experience enough of his Wisdom and Policy, and Introth he hath lived to a fair Age, if a Newgate Bird, and a Madam shall out-wit him at Politicks. I protest seriously, Daughter, I am afraid you have run in a Club of S. Omers Saints to help you out at this dead lift: For to say truth, I believe you lost abundance of Reputation by being in Newgate, and Try'd for your Life, and consequently your Trade, and that is able to vex any Woman in England, especially one of your lofty Spirit. But I would fain know, Daughter, why you parted with your Money so freely to Capt. Dangerfield in getting him out

out of Prison, and Cloathing him, was it to get in your Husbands debts only or no, or was it for some other private *Intrigues*: truly I am afraid so. And so would I have all Trading *French-men* served, that know not how to get in their own Debts, without employing *Felons*, and such sort of men to do it. I hope in the next *Edition* of your Book, we shall have a true account of it, for I am not satisfied, that that was the only reason of your kindness to him.

And then again, I protest I am not satisfied, (nor any of my Children, who are hugely concerned for you) that the *Presbyterians* should contrive a *Plot* against the present Government at this time when your Friends are so hard at work to do it, surely they will not joyn hand in hand with you, their Principles are Diametrically Opposite, and besides, they have got nothing by former Practices of that Nature, which yet were contrived and carried on by the *Cunning-men* of your Church, as my Old Friend and Son Harry Martin has often in private told me in those daies, and though I say it, he was able to judge as well as the best of 'em all.

Now methinks its strange, that this great *Medd-Tub-Plot* should have so few heads and hands concerned in it, and after all the Consultations you and your Friend *Dangersfield* had about it, you should discover no more; truly *Daughter*, I should be glad (and so would a great many more) to have the whole truth out, of the several Conferences with the Lord P. and some other your great acquaintances: that would be worth the while, but you will not be so Candid. 'Twould satisfy abundance of People that cannot find in their Hearts to believe all you have Writ, nor indeed hardly any part of it. Well! I find Company coming in, and must conclude with some Grave and Motherly advice. Beware what you do, and repent what you have done, lest *Capt. Richardson* gets you into his Churches again. For I am afraid you will find my Lord S. and his Servants, Sir R. P. and Sir W. Mr. *Prance*, and a great many more Substantial Evidences will come against you for the Political lies you have told in your Book, And for endeavouring to Invalidate the Kings Evidence and representing your *Popish Plot* as a thing of no consequence. And yet in Charity to you as of the weaker sex, I believe some *wilde House* Chaplains have soisted in a great many things into your *Narrative*, that you were not the Author of your self. But let it pass; I pity you with all my heart, and I make it my earnest request, you would mind only your *Lawfull and Honourable calling*, and getting in your Husbands Debts, and be usefull to all good Men, in an honest and civil way: and don't trouble your self any farther with *Plotters*, and *Plots*, and *Treasons*. I have a kindness for you, and what further I have to say (for Trading begins to come in apace) I will tell you, if you will Oblige me with your Company, at my House at any time, and will have a Bottle of *Rhenish* or two at your Service.

From the Ancient Place of my
Habitation, Sept. 1686.

Daughter, In much hast I conclude,

Your loving Monitor,

C R E S W E L L.

I may seem as Mad as this *Snarling Midwife*, to go about to answer madness it self; for by her *Rage* and *Fury* one would think the Gentlewoman fit Company for the *Pewterers Wife* in *Berthlem*, who run mad through Pride: so the Pride and vain Glory of this Womans mind makes her self believe, that she is a brave *She Championess*, and able to Cope with all the World: otherwise she would have desisted after her first *Essay*, seeing so many Pens level'd against her. But I perceive her branded with *Impudence*, which as it still accompanie,

companies *Madness*, usually also goes hand in hand with *Folly*. Therefore, let this Woman be either *Pool* or *Mad*, we will endeavour to cure her of the Last by *Lalbing*, and *Solomon* saies, *That sometime 'tis requisite to answer a Fool according to his Folly, that he may not appear wise in his own Conceit.*

But indeed I shall be at a loss for apt Words and Expressions, to set forth this *She-Donna Quixot*, for she encounters with many *Wind-mills*, and is armed *Cap-a-Pe* with *Impudence* and *Lying*: she smells rank of *Rome*, and stinks of *Plots* and *Conspiracies*; she is armed with a *Jesuits Lance* and a *sword for the Cause*, which she furiously brandishes, and would at least Cut off the Head off Poor *Thomso*, the chiefest Object of her *Anger*, for betraying her *hopes*, and for over-throwing all her wicked *designes*, and *Malicious Projects*. But it seems strange to me, that she who so lately escaped the *Halter*, should so soon run her self in danger of wearing the *Wooden Ruff*, and to be pelted to death with *Rotten Eggs* and *Apples*. But she defies *Scandalum Magnatum*, and all the *Statutes*, and all the *Persons of Honour* she has abused and defamed; but unless the World will be so charitable as to believe her *Mad*, and that all her railing is her *Barking* and *Howling* against the *Moon*, the employ of an *Irrational Animal*, I know what will betide her.

Well, but this *learned Gentlewoman*, for so she would seem to be by her *Similes*, had many reflections and imaginations crept into her Head, as she saies in her *Paper*, but these were *worms* and *Maggots*, which trouble her *Brain*, and set her again to *Writing*, and would make you believe her whole Book was made up of *Irrefragable Truths*: but worthy *Madam*, it will not do, for all the World believes, nay your selves know, whole *Noddes* Composed it; that 'tis made up of nothing almost but *Lies* and *untruths*, and is indeed from the beginning to the end a *Grand Libel*, endeavouring to bespatter and belie a whole *Nation*, and therefore may well be confuted with that one Word, not *Bellarmin*, but *Madam Celliers* thou liest.

The *Lady* is desperately angry at the *Title* of *Captain* given to *Dangerfield*, but methinks he is not so fond of it; and may as well deserve it, as she of the *Title* of *Madam*, which affects her much: But if it be his *Fortitude* of *Suffering* that makes him deserving of the *Title*, perhaps e're long you may also be worthy of that of *Madam*: in the mean time *Mistress* is too good for you, for the Old *English* Word *Goody* or *Goodwife Celliers* may serve your turn, though you give a *Dove* and an *Anchor* with a *Rope* for your *Arm*. Though now *Captain* be a Name too good for *Dangerfield*, he has often enough been *intitled* to by your self when time was, and had he stuck close to you and your *Intrigues*, he should have been a *Colonel* at least before this, and all his *Blew Stigma's* been forgot.

Though the *Living Captain* be the Object of your spleen, yet the *Dead Captain* might lie quiet in his *Grave*, and it becomes not a Woman of your profession to wear *Long Nails*, to scratch the *Dead* out of their *Tombs*, and to abuse their *Names*, which the very *Heathen* abhorred. But *Madam Celliers* is one that neither fears God nor Man, for she defies all, even *Captain Richardson* himself. Have a care, *Madam*, you come not within his *Enchanted Castle* again, lest you want a *Knight Errant* to release you, for he is a *Fell Gyant* as you have made him.

It is but just and requisite the *Jesuitical Crew* should stick close to this *Mother-Midnight*, for they will never be able to find again so laborious and Skilfull a Woman; and therefore she was chose out to bring the *Plot to Bed* of its *Twins*: but the *Birth* of the *First*, proving *Monstrous*, she miscarried in the delivery of the *Latter*, and smothered it in the *Meal Tub*. The next Work she is to do, being so very *Dexterous*, will be to bring the *Whore of Babylon to Bed* of her *Litter*; and had she been alive in the time of *Pope Joan*, she had not so publicly miscarried in her *Procession*. It is therefore but fitting that the Memory of this Memorable *Madam*, be preserved, which that it may be, we have endeavour'd here among the rest to make known her *worth and excellent Parts*, which has employed so many Pens, that after Ages will admire the *Monster*.